

Struwwelpeter

or,



Merry
Rhymes
and

Funny
Pictures



JH

By Dr. Heinrich Hoffmann

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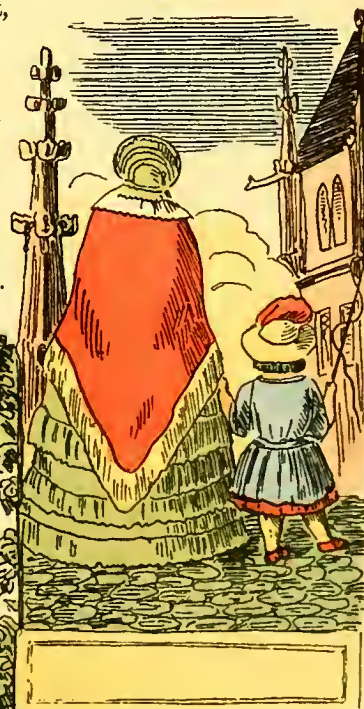
If children are good and their parents obey,
If they are not noisy when they are at play,
If they eat the nice soup which before them is set,
And the bread above all things never forget;
St. Nicholas comes and to them he brings.
A nice picture book and many good things.



Struwwelpeter

OR
MERRY STORIES
AND
FUNNY PICTURES

For children who are good as gold,
And try to do as they are told;
Who at their meals are never rude,
But eat as little children should;
Are well-behaved indoors and out,
And never cry, or sulk, or pout,
Or scream, or fight, or break
their toys,
And go to bed without a noise—
For little children such as these,
Who say "Thank you" and
"If you please",
Kind Father Christmas brings
a kiss
And a nice picture-book like this.



Slovenly Peter.

Fye!naughty,wild and Slovenly Peter,
I fear he never will be neater;
For many,many,many,weeks
No water has been near his cheeks.
It is a year now I declare,
Since he has let nurse comb his hair.
And then those nails;'Tis very clear
They've not been cut at all this year
It is no wonder that all cry,
Oh!naughty Slovenly Peter fye;

Untidy Peter

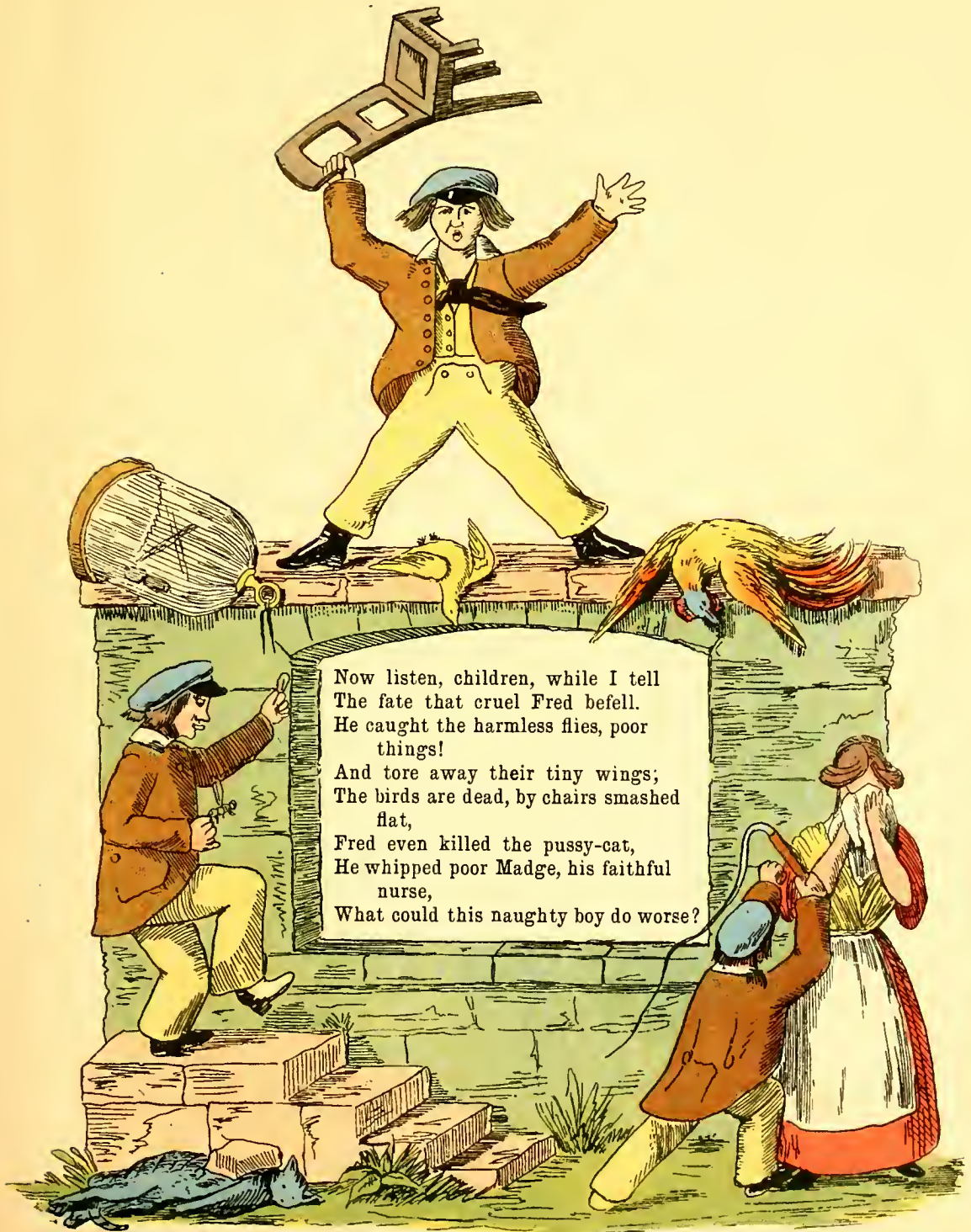


There shock-headed Peter stands.
What a fright! what horrid hands!
'T is a year, I do declare,
Since he let them comb his hair;
When to cut his nails they tried,
Naughty Peter kicked and cried.
Now the boys who Peter meet,
Loudly shout from street to street:
"Get your nails cut! Look, there's hair!"
And the girls all rudely stare.

The Story of Naughty Frederick.

This Frederick, this Frederick;
Did many naughty things.
He caught the pretty little flies
And pulled out all their wings.
He killed the bird, he lamed the cat,
He broke the chair on which he sat,
And only think, Oh! worse and worse,
He beat his kind and gentle nurse.

Cruel Frederick



One day unto the river's brink,
A thirsty dog came down to drink.
And then this cruel Frederick
Crept sllily toward him with a stick,
And though the dog howled loud with pain,
He whipped him,whipped and whipped again;
Until the creature turned around
And sprang on Frederick with a bound,
And bit his leg,Oh!oh!indeed
'Twas terrible to see it bleed.
Then was it Frederick's turn you see,
To scream and cry most bitterly.



A big dog stood beside the spring,
And water lapped like anything.
Now as the dog was drinking there,
Fred with his whip crept up the stair.
That dog he whipped, it howled with pain,
But Fred'rick only whipped again.
Quick at his leg the dog now flew,
And fiercely bit it through and through,
Till, when the blood in torrents streamed,
Ill-natured Fred'rick cried and screamed;
Off with the whip the dog ran fast
Until he reached the house at last.

Then Frederick had in bed to stay
Suffering great pain all night and day,
While near him stayed Dr. Van Din,
Who gave him bitter medicine.
The dog now sat in Frederick's seat
Ate up all his nice sausage meat,
And smacked his lips, it was so fine,
And quenched his thirst on claret wine.



The happy dog now goes to dine
 At Fred'rick's table, drinks his wine,
 Eats up his cake and sausage too,
 And, what a clever thing to do!
 Hangs up the whip upon the chair;
 No naughty boy can reach it there.



The very sad story of Pauline
and the Box of matches.

One day Pauline was all alone,
Her parents both from home had gone,
And round the room she lightly sprung,
And clapped her hands and danced and sung,
She suddenly before her spied
A box of matches. Oh! she cried,
How glad I am this box to see!
Oh! what a pretty play 'twill be:
I'll light a little match or two,
Just as I've seen my mother do.

But Minz and Maunz, the little cats,
Held up their little paws,
"Miow, miow, miow!" they cried,
And threatened with their claws,
Dont touch it or in flames thou'lt be,
Thy father hath forbidden thee.

Pauline, the kittens did not hear,
The little match burnt bright and clear,
It crackled, flickered prettily,
Just as you in the picture see.
Oh! never in her life before
Had any plaything pleased her more.

But Minz and Maunz the little cats,
still raised their little paws,
"Miow, mio, miow, they cried,
And threatened with their claws;
Oh! put it down! in flames thou'lt be,
Thy mother hath forbidden thee!"

The Dreadful Story of Pauletta and the Matches



Pauletta's parents both went out,
So quite alone she played about.
She jumped and sang with all her might,
And dolly gave her great delight;
When suddenly, see, what a prize!
A pretty match-box caught her eyes.
"Oh! what a lovely toy you'll make!"
She said, and went the box to take;—
"I'll strike a match, 't will be such fun;
I know exactly how it's done."

But Tib and Tab, the danger seeing,
To stop Pauletta both agreeing,
Held up their paws and warned her, saying:
"Papa forbids this sort of playing;
Stop it! miaow!" each cried in turn,
"Or else you'll like a bonfire burn."



To this Pauletta listen'd not;
The match she struck burnt bright and hot,
It gave off sparks, and smoke, and flame,
The picture shows just how they came.
Pauletta this delightful found,
And skipped with pleasure round and round.

But Tib and Tab, the danger seeing,
To stop Pauletta both agreeing,
Held up their paws and warned her, saying:
"Mamma forbids this sort of playing;
Drop it! miaow!" each cried in turn,
"Or else you'll like a bonfire burn."

But dreadful, dreadful tale to tell,
The match upon her apron fell;
It kindled, burnt her hands, her head,
All over her the flames soon spread.

Then Minz and Maunz, those little cats,
Began to scream and cry,
"Help! fire! Oh who will quickly come,
The child will surely die;
She's all in flames from top to toe,
Miow! Mio! Miow! Mio!

Pauline now no more was there;
She burnt from pantalette to hair,
But in the place where she had been,
A heap of ashes could be seen;
And that with her dear little shoes,
Alone remained to tell the news.

And Minz and Maunz, the little cats,
Sat by the pretty shoes,
And cried, "Oh! to her parents, who,
Oh! who shall tell the news?"
"Miow! Mio! Miow! Mio!"
Their little tears like brooks did flow.



Alas! her dress has caught on fire,
The cruel flames rise high—rise higher!
They burn her hand! they burn her hair!
Alas! they burn her ev'rywhere!

Poor Tib and Tab for help are seeking,
And both at once are sadly shrieking.
“Come quick! come quick!” they loudly cry
“Or else the flaming child will die!
Mee-o! miaow! mee-o! miaow!”
She’s burning like a bonfire now!”

Now all is burnt with flames and smoke,
Pauletta’s but a heap of coke,
Though still her pretty shoes remain,
To tell a tale of dreadful pain.

Now sitting where the shoes are lying,
Both Tib and Tab for grief are crying:
“Miaow! me-ew! miaow! me-ew!
Unhappy parents, where are you?”
Like little brooks, through meadows going
Upon the ground their tears are flowing.

The Story of the Black boys.

Three children from the window saw,
A black boy walk before the door;
He held above his head of wool,
A parasol to keep him cool.
Then Lewis with his flag ran out,
And in the street did loudly shout;
And William with his hoop so round,
Rushed after with a skip and bound;
And Casper followed with his cake;
Oh! what a racket they did make!
They thought it was the greatest fun,
To mock the black and see him run.
He's just as black as ink they said.
And laughed and pointed at his head.

The Story of the Little Black Boys



A pitch-black nigger-boy went out,
Before the door to walk about;
And, as the hot sun hurt his head,
He kept his green umbrella spread.
With flag in hand, at such a sight
Up Arthur ran with all his might;
Quick Charlie came, and, as a treat,
He brought his curly bun to eat;
While William was by no means slow,
But made his hoop more quickly go.
And when the nigger passed close by,
The grinning boys yelled: "Oh, my eye!
There's inky Sambo; what a guy!"



But all at once they turned and saw
St. Nicholas standing near;
He had a monstrous inkstand,
And he said, "Now children, hear.
Stop pointing at this coloured boy,
And let him go in peace;
He cannot change his skin you know,
So let your laughter cease."
But no, the children would not hear,
St. Nicholas spoke in vain,
For just as soon as he had gone,
They turned and laughed again.

Big Nicholas appeared in view,
And brought his mighty ink-pot too;
He said: "My children, hark to me,
And let the harmless negro be;
That he is not as white as you
He cannot help; so leave him, do!"
To Nicholas they paid no heed,
Laughed rudely in his face indeed,
Tried worse than ever to annoy
The black and helpless negro boy.



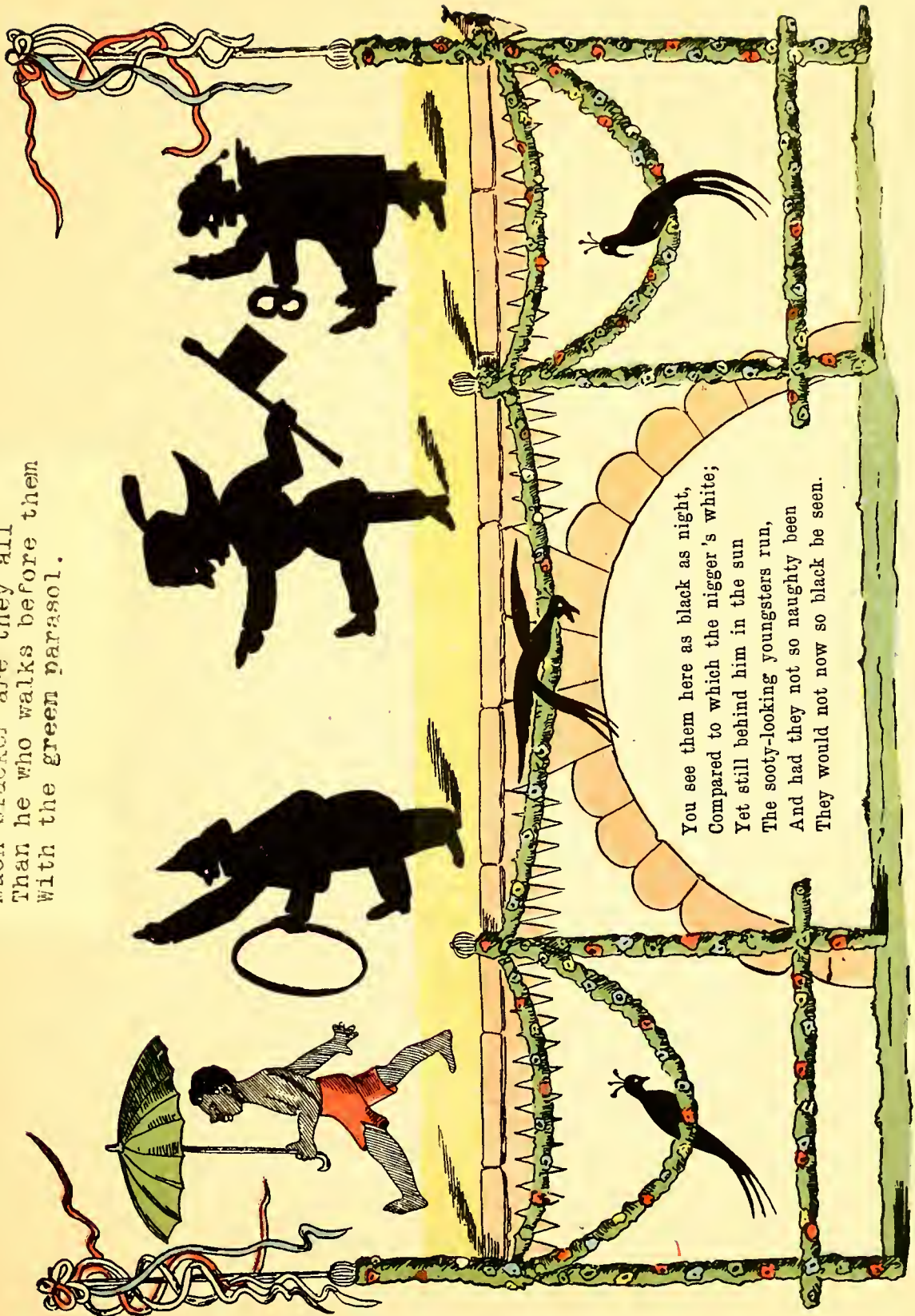
St. Nicholas returned and looked
This time both stern and wild;
Just as you in the picture see,
He seized every child,
They screamed, they struggled to be free,
But no. he held them tight,
"Now all will laugh at you," said he,
"Because you are not white".
He dipped them in the inkstand'
These naughty children three.
And kept them there until they were,
As black as they could be!

Then Nicholas got very wild,
As in the picture—look, my child!
He seized the urchins, Arthur, Will,
And Charlie, who kept struggling still,

By head, or arm, or coat, or vest,
Wherever he could hold them best.
“Fire! Fire!” in vain did Arthur call,
Deep in the ink he dipped them all;
From head to foot, I grieve to tell,
He dipped those naughty urchins well.



Now see them in the picture!
Much blacker are they all
Than he who walks before them
With the green parasol.



You see them here as black as night,
Compared to which the nigger's white;
Yet still behind him in the sun
The sooty-looking youngsters run,
And had they not so naughty been
They would not now so black be seen.

The story of the Wild Huntsman.

The Wild Huntsman put on his little green sack,
And took his powder and gun;
He buckled his knapsack upon his back,
And off to the fields he did run.
He put his spectacles upon his nose, and said,
"Now I will shoot the little hares and kill them dead."

A cunning hare that peeped out from his house of leaves
and grass.
Could not help laughing as he saw the hunter pass.

But the sun shone too hot on the huntsman's head,
"My gun is becoming too heavy ", he said,
He laid himself down in the shade of a tree,
And shut up his eyes and slept peacefully.
The little hare saw him and out he crept,
Stole softly toward him, and while he slept,
He took up his spectacles, picked up the gun,
And sliily on tip-toe away he did run.

The Story of the Wild Huntsman

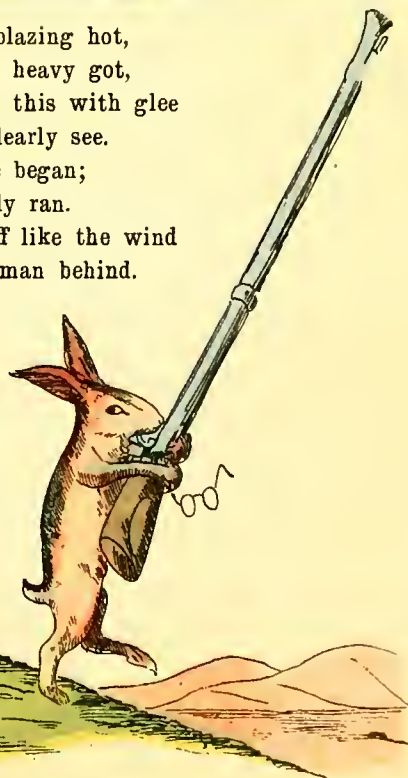
The huntsman wild to shoot has gone,
His new green coat he proud put on,
His powder-flask, and bag, and gun
He took, and hoped to have some fun.

With specs on nose, why, I
declare,
He means quite dead to shoot
the hare!

There in the leaves the hare is seen;
He laughs to scorn the huntsman green.

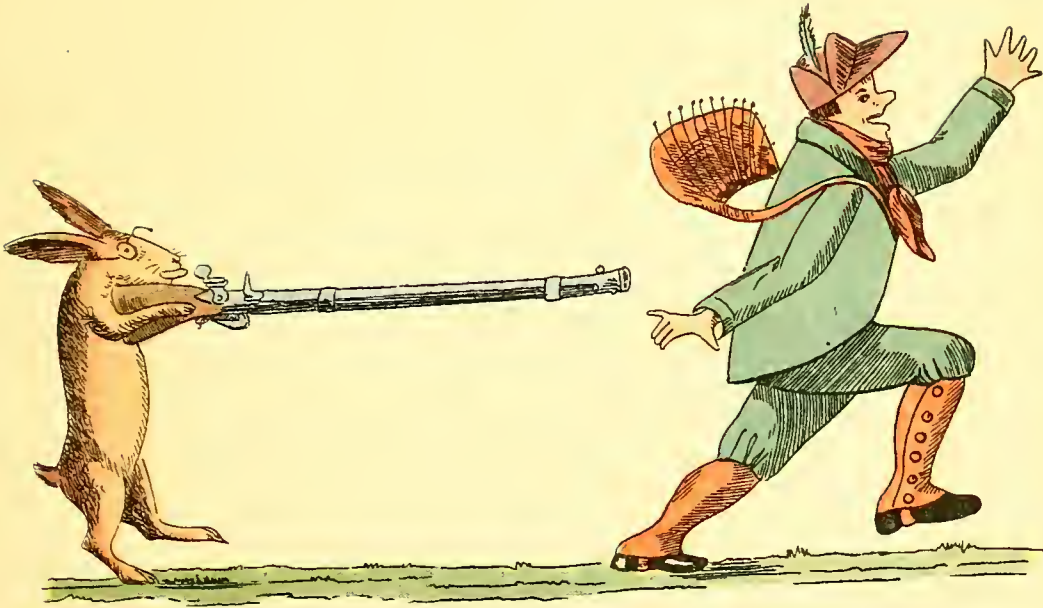


The sun came out all blazing hot,
The huntsman's gun so heavy got,
He stopped to rest—all this with glee
The little hare could clearly see.
He fell asleep, to snore began;
The little hare up softly ran.
With specs and gun, off like the wind
He leapt, and left the man behind.



He places the spectacles on his nose,
And back with the gun to the hunter he goes;
He pointed the gun at the bold hunter's heart,
Who awoke and sprung up at once with a start.
He screamed out for help, and like lightning he flew.
"He'll shoot me; help; help me, Oh! good people do."

The hare has put upon his nose
The specs, to see with I suppose;
He means to fire that gun so bright.
The huntsman's in a horrid fright,
And runs, and jumps, and loudly calls:
"Help! Help! good people, help!" he bawls.



The brave hunter's breath was now almost spent,
He saw a deep well, quickly toward it he went,
He stopped for a second, then in it he sprang,
The hare pulled the trigger, off went the gun, bang.
The hunter's wife near the window stood,
Drinking her coffee which tasted good;
The same shot broke her cup in two.
"Oh! dear" she cried, "what shall I do?"
Near by the wall and hidden there,
Was the old hare's child, the tiny hare,
When he heard the shot, he quickly arose,
And the coffee ran down on his dear little nose;
He hopped and he cried, "What burns me so?"
And he held up the spoon with his little toe.

The huntsman rushes off so fast,
 He sees the deep dark well at last,
 And jumps right in—'t is not much fun—
 Just as the hare fires off the gun.



There in the window from a cup
 The huntsman's wife drank coffee up;
 The hare has shot the cup in two,
 The wife called out: "Boo-hoo! Boo-hoo!"
 Now by the well was hiding there
 The hare's young son, the tiny hare;
 He squatted down, until he got
 Right on his nose the coffee hot,
 Then called: "I'm burning! 't isn't fair!"
 And waved the tea-spoon in the air.

The story of Little Suck-a-thumb.

One day Mama said,"Conrad dear
I must go out and leave you here.
But mind now Conrad,What I say
Don't suck your thumb while I'm away.
The great tall tailor always comes
To little boys that suck their thumbs;

And ere they dream what he's about,
He takes his great sharp scissors out,
And cuts their thumbs clean off,and then,
You know they never grow again".
Mama had scarcely turned her back,
The thumb was in-alack--alack.

The Story of the Boy who Sucked his Thumbs



Mamma once said: "Now, Jimmy dear,
I'm going out, while you stop here.
Behave yourself, and good remain,
For I shall soon come back again.
But when I've gone, and shut the door,
Be sure you suck your thumbs no more;
For, if you do, with scissors keen
The tailor will at once be seen;
He'll cut your thumbs like paper through,
So mind, be careful what you do!"



Mother's gone, she spoke in vain,
Gugg! the thumbs are sucked again!

The door flew open, in he ran,
The great long red legged scissors man.
Oh! children see, the tailor's come,
And caught out little Suck-a-thumb.
Snip, snap, snip-the scissors go;
And Conrad cries out, "Oh! Oh! Oh!
Snip, snap, snip! they go so fast,
That both his thumbs are off at last.

Mamma comes home, there Conrad stands;
And looks quite sad, and shows his hands;
"Ah! said Mamma, "I knew he'd come
To naughty little Suck-a-thumb."



Bang! the door is open'd wide;
 Running in with rapid stride
 See the tailor; un he comes
 To the boy who sucks his thumbs.
 Snip! snap! snip! and all is o'er,
 Both the thumbs are on the floor.
 How it hurt! poor Jimmy cries,
 Tears drop down from both his eyes.

When Mamma returns, she sees
 Jimmy sad and ill at ease.
 There he stands, without his thumbs;
 This of disobedience comes!

Story of the Soup.

Now William was a healthy child,
And fat as he could be;
He had as round and rosy cheeks
As you would wish to see.
But once he took it in his head
His soup he would not eat,
He threw away the spoon and screamed
And jumped up from his seat.
"I will not eat my soup" he cried,
"I'd rather starve, Oh! Oh!"
I will not, will not eat my soup,
I will not eat it, no."

Next day just see how changed he is.
William grew pale and thin;
But still his soup he would not eat,
When the cook sent it in.
"I will not eat my soup", he cried,
"I'd rather starve, Oh! Oh!"
I will not, will not eat my soup
I will not eat it. No.

The third day came, Oh! me Oh! me,
William grew thin and thinner,
He screamed and cried with hunger, but
He would not eat his dinner.
On the fourth day he dwindled down,
And did not weigh a pound;
And when the fifth day came, alas!
They laid him in the ground,

The Story of Tommy and his Soup



Young Tommy healthy was and fat,
As plump as any pussy-cat,
His cheeks were large, and red, and round.
His soup he most delightful found,
Till one day he began to bawl:
"I do not like this soup at all!
Just take the nasty stuff away!
I will not have it! No, I say!"

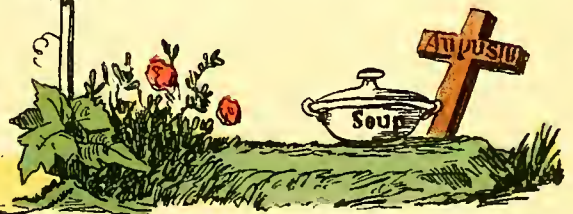


The next day came. Look! you'll allow
That Tommy is much thinner now.
But once again we hear him bawl:
"I do not like this soup at all!
Just take the nasty stuff away!
I will not have it! No, I say!"



The third day now we see begin,
Tommy was very weak and thin;
Yet when the soup once more came in,
He once again began to bawl:
"I do not like this soup at all!
Just take the nasty stuff away!
I will not have it! No, I say!"

The fourth day came—most dreadful thing!
Tommy was like a bit of string,
A quarter-ounce he weighed, they said,
And on the fifth day he was—dead!



The story of Rocking Philip.
"Philip, do you hear?
Sit still at table dear!
Thus spoke in earnest tones the
The father to his son;
While mother, with a serious air,
Looked round upon the table there.
But Philip did not mind,
To play he felt inclined.
He rocked upon his seat,
He kicked with both his feet;
He wriggled, he giggled,
He sung, he swung,
To and fro, here and there,
Back and forth upon the chair.

The Story of Wriggling Philip

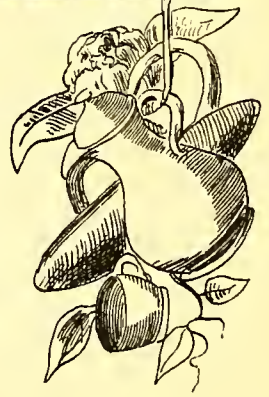
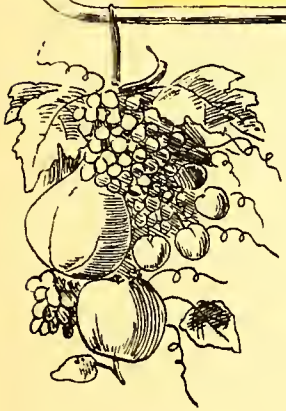


“Can’t you, Philip, for a bit
Quiet at the table sit?”
Said Papa, the meal begun,
Sternly to his little son:
While Mamma, who silent sat,
Looked at this, and looked at that.
Restless Philip paid no heed,
Which was very wrong indeed,
But joggled and jiggled,
And shuffled and wriggled,
Kept springing and swinging,
His fidgets beginning,
Till Papa said, most irately:
“Philip, this annoys me greatly!”

But see, my little children ah!
His chair, his chair rocks back too far;
Can nothing help him? no ah no!
Down to the ground he'll surely go!
He pulls the cloth with all his might,
And though the father holds it tight,
In spite of all that he can do,
It goes, and down goes Philip too
Knife and fork, soup and bread,
Will all upon the floor be spread,
The mother with dismay is seized,
The father, very much displeased.



Look, dear children! Now you will
 See what happened next to Phil
 If you at the picture glance.
 See him rock and see him prance,
 Back he tips—a moment more
 Phil will be upon the floor.
 Now he grabs the cloth, and cries;
 'Tis no good, for—sad surprise—
 Plates, bread, bottle, crash! have gone,
 While Papa looks helpless on.
 Still Mamma sits in her chair,
 Gazing here, and gazing there.



Now Philip disappears from sight,
All but his heels are hidden quite;
The table cloth on him is spread,
The table is uncovered.
Knife and fork, soup and bowl, All upon the
All upon the floor do roll.
Soup tureen is broke in two
What will his hungry parents do!
Both stand, lift up their hands and mourn,
The nice warm dinner is all gone.



Now is Philip out of sight,
 And the table's empty quite.
 What Papa was going to eat
 All is littered round his feet;
 Sausage, soup, and bread are found
 Mixed together on the ground,
 Smashed the plates and soup-tureen;
 Parents both are standing seen,
 Angry, too, and very cross
 At their dinner's sudden loss.

The Story of Johnny Look-in-the-air

Little Johnny held his head so high,
As he walked along to school,
That many of the passers by,
Thought him a little fool.
He saw the pretty swallows fly,
The roofs, the clouds up in the sky,
But what was in the way before,
Why that our Johnny never saw,
Nor did he see the neighbors stare,
And call him, "Johnny Look-in-the-air."

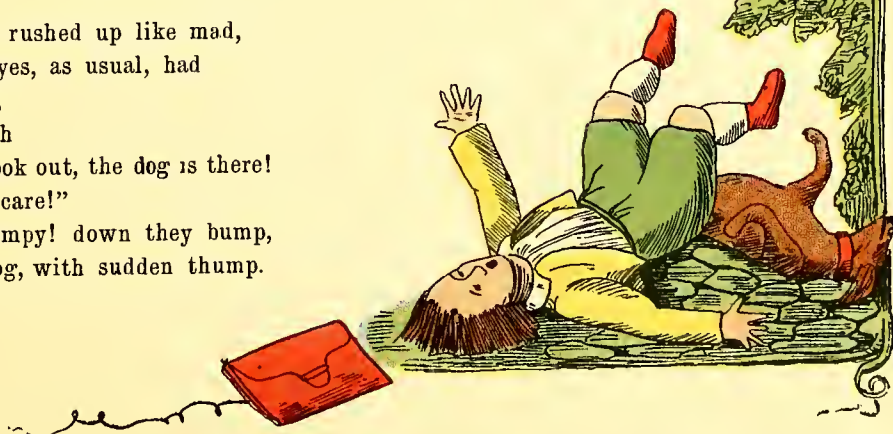
One day a dog came running fast,
As usual, Johnny's eyes were cast
Overhead; no one said,
"Johnny lookout, here comes the bow-wow";
What happens now?
Bump--dump--they almost broke their bones,
So hard they tumbled on the stones!

The Story of Sky-Gazing Jack



When to school young Jacky went,
Up his head was always bent;
Birds, clouds, roofs, at all he'd stare,
Looking upwards, ev'rywhere.
Jacky never seemed to see
Things that near his feet might be;
Other boys behind his back
Cried: "There goes sky-gazing Jack!"

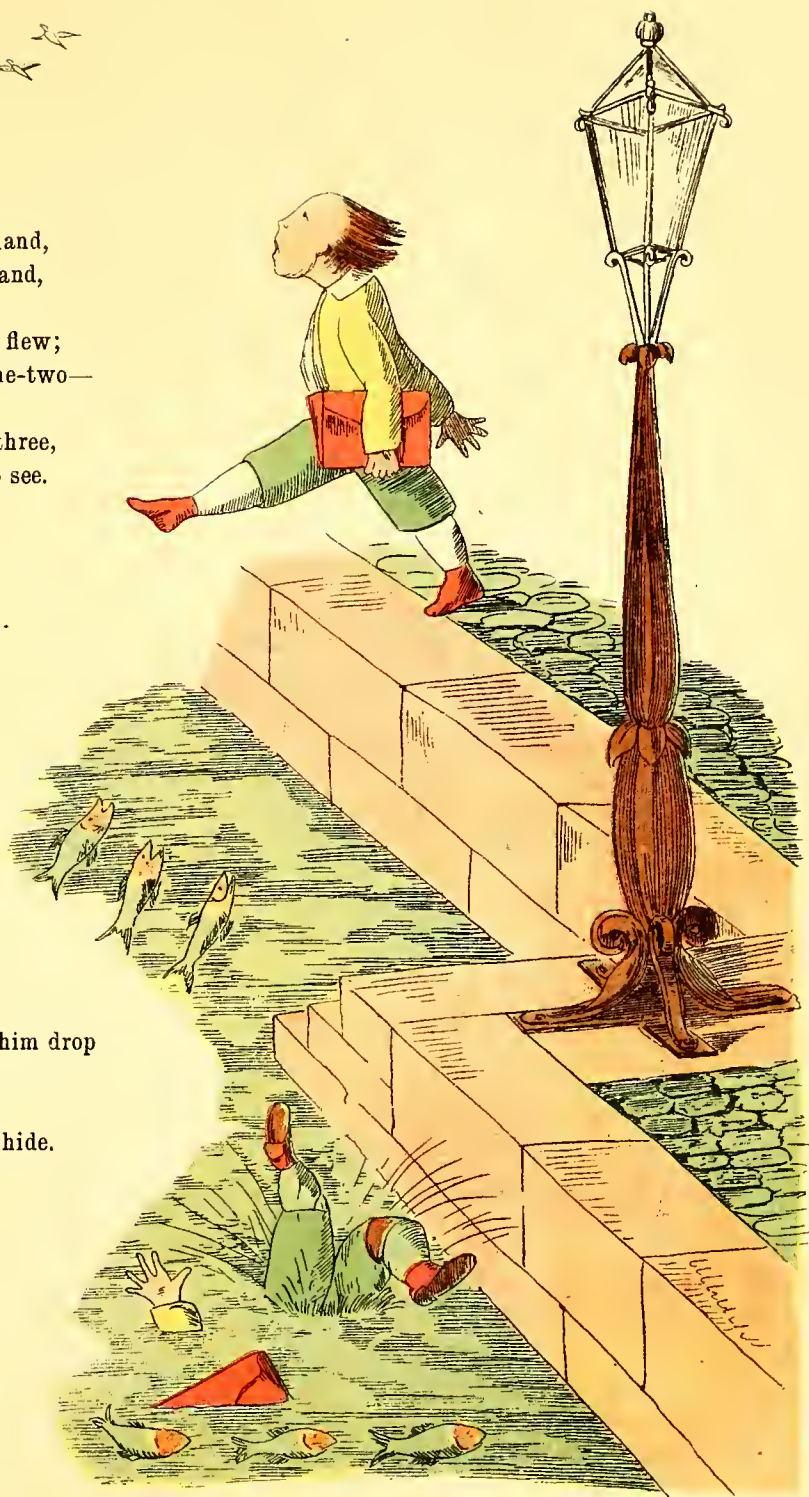
Once a dog rushed up like mad,
Jack, his eyes, as usual, had
On the sky,
No one nigh
Called: "Look out, the dog is there!
Jack, take care!"
Floppy! flumpy! down they bump,
Boy and dog, with sudden thump.



Johnny took up his satchel one day,
And off to school he stalked away;
He turned his face up toward the sky,
And saw the merry swallows fly,
Which way he was going he did not think
And he walked straight down to the river's brink,
Three little fishes at him did stare,
Wondering much what brought him there.

One step more and in he splashes;
Heels over head like lightning he dashes.
The little fishes scream with fright
And swim away with all their might.

Jack, with satchel in his hand,
Walked along the river strand,
Staring at the sky so blue,
Where the swallows quickly flew;
Stiffly marched—one-two, one-two—
Till the river nearer grew,
And the fishes, one, two, three,
Wonder'd much his foot to see.

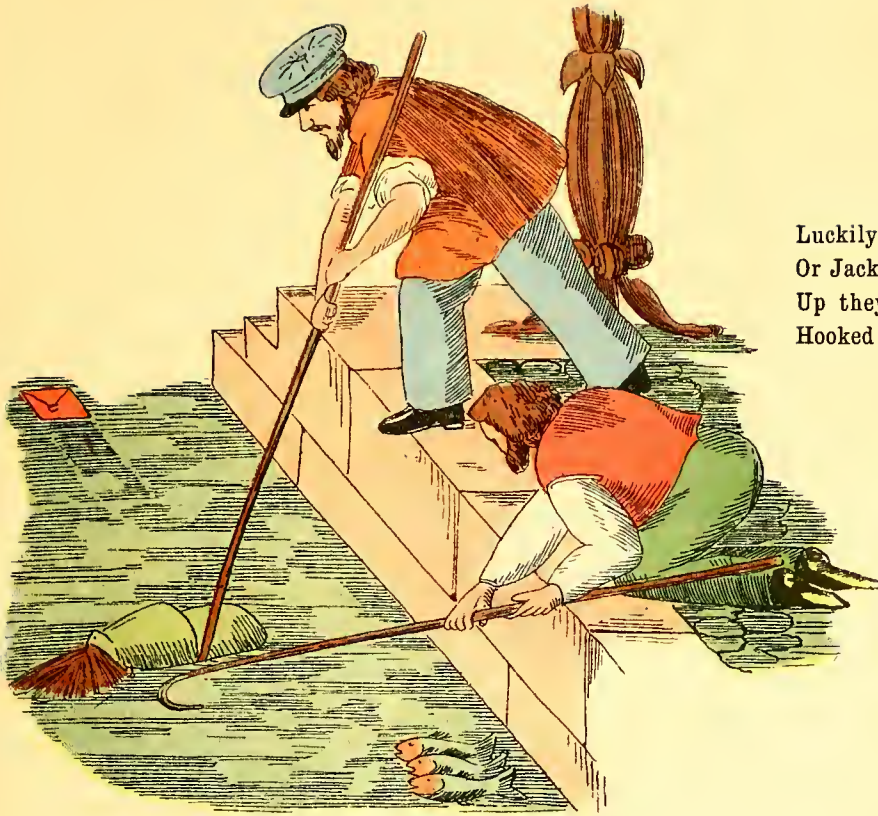


One step more—splash! see him drop
In the water with a flop.
All the fishes, terrified,
Swim away in haste to hide.

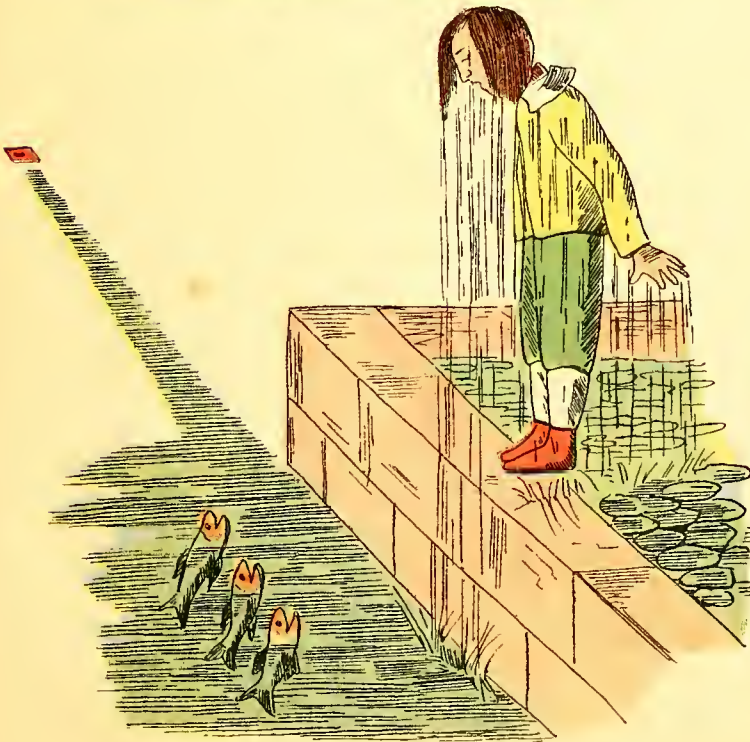
But happily quite near there stood,
Two men who saw him in the flood;
They took two crooked poles and ran,
And soon fished out the little man.
Now see him standing on dry ground,
Poor little fellow almost drowned;
Dripping wet all through and through,
Cold as ice and crying too.
The water trickling from his clothes,
And from his hair and from his nose.

The little fishes all the three,
Swam quickly back the child to see;
They stretched their little heads out of the flood,

And laughed as loud as ever they could,
They shook their little sides with glee,
And the satchel drifted clear out to sea.



Luckily two men were near,
Or Jack had been drowned, I fear;
Up they came before he sank,
Hooked him out upon the bank.



See him standing dripping there—
For such games / shouldn't care,—
Soaked his clothes, and boots, and all;
See the water streaming fall
From his hands, and head, and hair;
See poor Jacky shiv'ring there.

Now the fishes, one, two, three,
Swim about so merrily,
Peep above the water's swell,
Laugh so loud you hear them well;
There they laugh quite half the day—
Far the satchel floats away.

Flying Robert,

When the rain in torrents pours,
And by the winds the trees are bent;
Good little children stay in doors,
And there to play are quite content.
But Robert thought one rainy day,
That it would much more pleasant be
Out in the rain to run and play,
And all the little puddles see.
He took papa's umbrella out,
And in the rain he splashed about..

But stronger, stronger grew the breeze,
It whistled loudly through the trees,
It caught the umbrella--do look there,
It whirled him up into the air;
Into the clouds poor Robert flew,
His little hat before him blew!

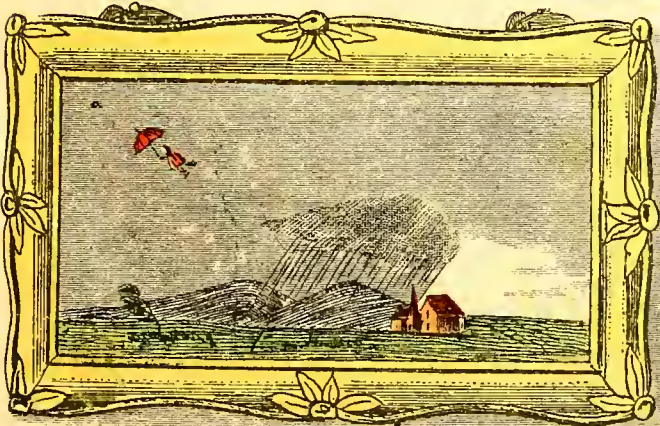
Away, away, away they soar
The little hat flew on before;
They small and smaller, smaller grew,
At last they disappeared from view!
And after that where they did go,
Why, my dear child, I do not know.

The Story of Flying Robert



When like cats and dogs the rain
Falls, and fields are soaked again,
Boys and girls are best at home,
'Tis too wet on walks to roam.
Bob, however, said: "No! No!
Oh, how jolly out to go!"
With umbrella opened wide,
Robert splashed about outside.

Whew! the howling storm blows round,
Bends the branches to the ground,
Catches Bob's umbrella till
Off his feet, against his will,
Up he's blown, away he flies.
No one hears his screams and cries;
Now the clouds he strikes upon,
And his little hat is gone.



Bob and his umbrella get
Through the clouds, and higher yet,
Hat in front he still must fly,
Knocks at last against the sky;
Where he's gone, unto this day
Nobody can rightly say.

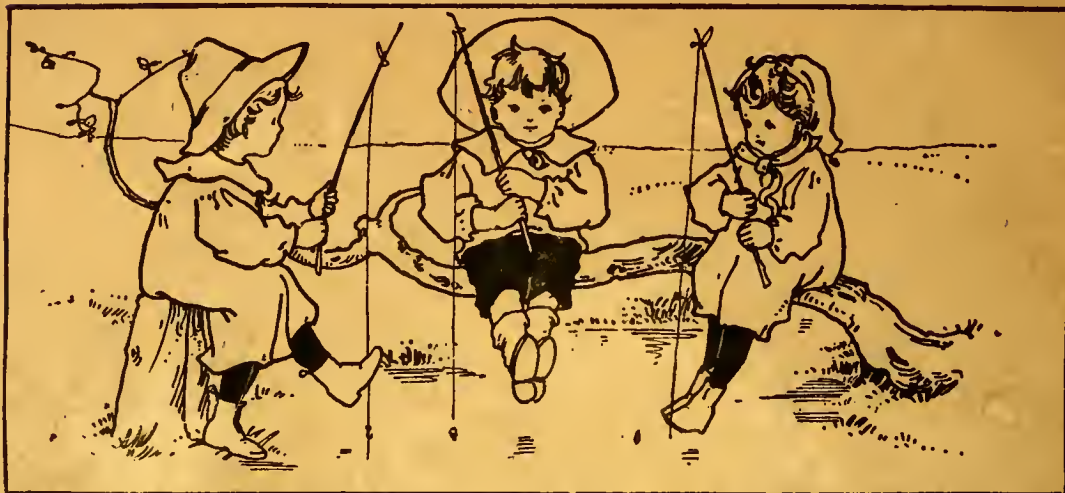
The story of the
The wild huntsman?
And took his powder
He brought...

And she
And que

Our Darling's First Book

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Mr. ROBERT M'GREGOR, Headmaster, Nithside Academy, Dumfries, says:

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